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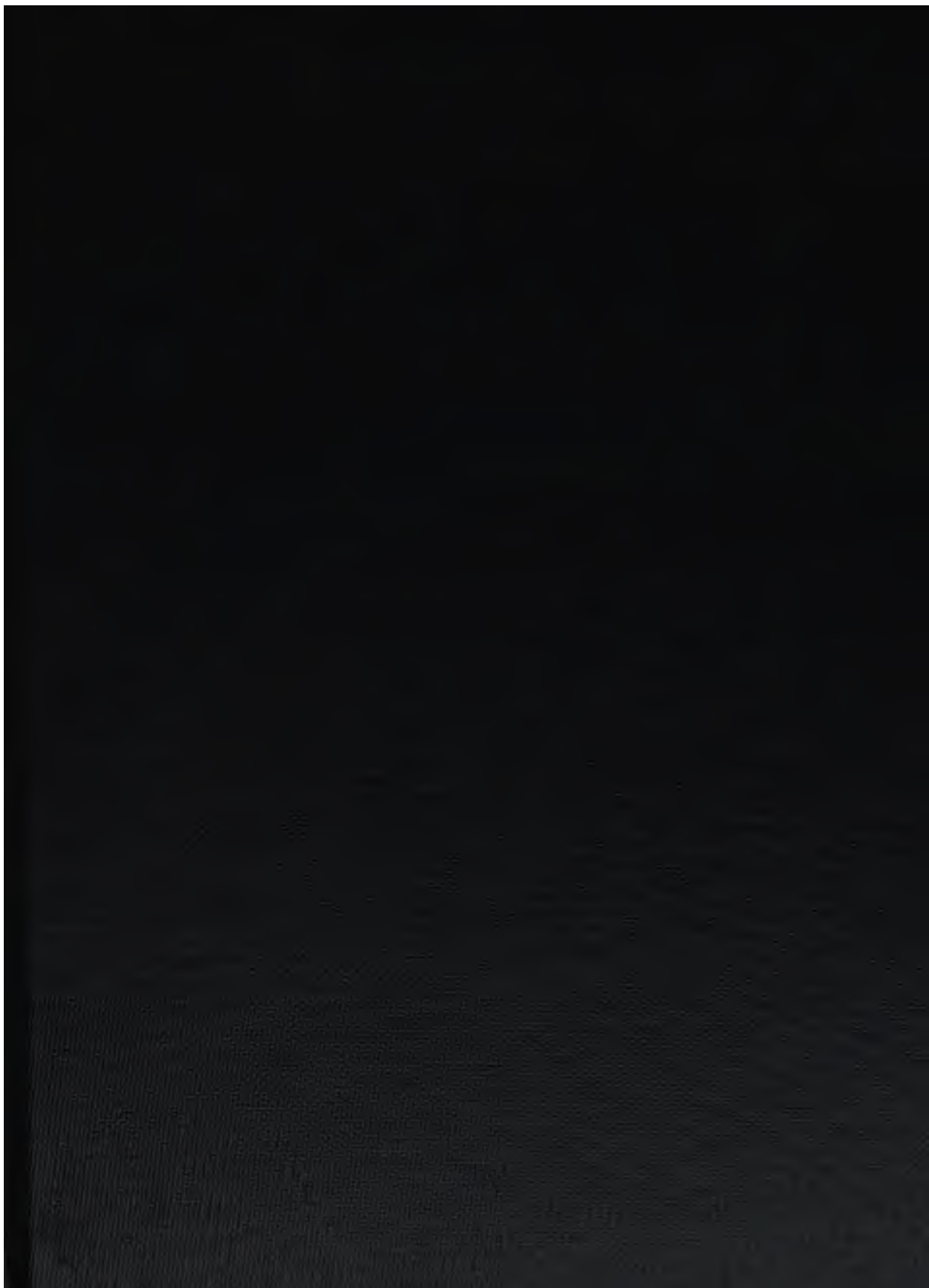
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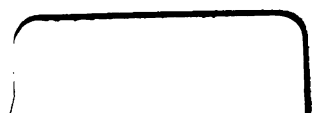
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THE GIFT OF  
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KING RICHARD THE  
SECOND.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*THE FIRST QUARTO,*

1597,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

FROM THE COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF

HENRY HUTH, ESQ.,

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY

THE REV. W. A. HARRISON.



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1888.

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## 43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS.

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

### 1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| No.   | No.   |
| 1. Hamlet. 1603. Q1.                            | 8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q1.  |
| 2. Hamlet. 1604. Q2.                            | 9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q1.  |
| 3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600.<br>(Fisher.)  | 10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q1.   |
| 4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600.<br>(Roberts.) | 11. Richard III. 1597. Q1.  |
| 5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q1.                | 12. Venus and Adonis. 1593. Q1.   |
| 6. Merry Wives. 1602. Q1.                       | 13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. Q1.   |
| 7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q1.<br>(Roberts.)  | 17. Richard II. 1597. Q1. Duke<br>of Devonshire's copy. ( <i>in progress.</i> ) |

### 2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600.<br>Q1.                          | 31. Othello. 1622. Q1.   |
| 15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q1.                                  | 32. Othello. 1630. Q2.   |
| 16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q2.<br>(Heyes.)                     | 33. King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter,<br><i>Pide Bull.</i> )                            |
| 18. Richard II. 1597. Q1. Mr.<br>Huth's copy.                     | 34. King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.)  |
| 19. Richard II. 1608. Q3.   | 35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q1.   |
| 20. Richard II. 1634. Q5.   | 36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. Q4.   |
| 21. Pericles. 1609. Q1.   | 37. Contention. (For 2 Henry VI.)<br>1594. Q1. ( <i>in progress.</i> )                 |
| 22. Pericles. 1609. Q2.   | 38. True Tragedy. (For 3 Henry VI.)<br>1595. Q1. ( <i>in progress.</i> )               |
| 23. The Whole Contention. 1619.<br>Q3. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.)  | 39. The Famous Victories of Henry<br>V. 1598. Q1.                                      |
| 24. The Whole Contention. 1619.<br>Q3. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.) | 40. The Troublesome Raigne of King<br>John. Part I. 1591. Q1. ( <i>in progress.</i> )  |
| 25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q1.                                   | 41. The Troublesome Raigne of King<br>John. Part II. 1591. Q1. ( <i>in progress.</i> ) |
| 26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q2.                                   | 42. Richard III. 1602. Q3.   |
| 27. Henry V. 1600. Q1.  | 43. Richard III. 1622. Q6. ( <i>in progress.</i> )                                     |
| 28. Henry V. 1608. Q2.  |  |
| 29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q1.                                   |  |
| 30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint.<br>1609. Q1.                   |  |

[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 18.]

# RICHARD II.

Q<sup>o</sup> 1. 1597.

---

The General Introduction to this Play will be given with the Facsimile of the copy of this Quarto in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; a copy which differs in very important particulars from the other known examples. With the present Facsimile, made by the kind permission of Mr. Henry Huth from the copy in his library, it will suffice to note the system observed in the marginal markings.

On the inner margins are given the line numbers, in fours, of the nineteen consecutive scenes of which the Quarto consists. Where parts of lines in the Q<sup>o</sup> make together a perfect metrical line in the Cambridge edition, a bracket [ { ] shews this: otherwise each short line of the Quarto is reckoned as a whole line.

On the outer margins are given the Act, Scene and line numbers of the Cambridge and Globe editions.

A dagger [†] means that a line in the Facsimile differs more or less from the corresponding line in F<sub>1</sub>.

A caret [ ^ ] shews that a line or a stage direction existing in F<sub>1</sub> is absent from the corresponding place in the Q<sup>o</sup>.

A star [ \* ] shews that a line or a stage direction existing in the Q<sup>o</sup> is absent from the corresponding place in F<sub>1</sub>.

W. A. HARRISON.

6 June, 1888.



T H E  
Tragedie of King Ri-  
chard the se-  
cond.

*As it hath beene publikely acted  
by the right Honourable the  
Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-  
uants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and  
are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at  
the signe of the Angel.


1 5 9 7.





ENTER KING RICHARD, IOHN  
OF GAUNT, WITH OTHER  
*Nobles and attendants.*

*King Richard.*

*Quarto*  
*Scene 1*  
4  
8  
12  
16  
20  
 Vld Iohn of Gaunt time honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oath and bande  
Brought hither Henrie Herford thy bolde sonne,  
Here to make good the boistrous late appeale.  
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Moubray?  
Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

*King.* Tell me moreover hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily as a good subiect should  
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

*Gaunt.* As neere as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent daunger scene in him,  
Aimde at your highnes, no inueterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare,  
The accuser and the accused freely speake:  
High stomackt are they both and full of ire,  
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

*Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

*Bulling.* Manie yeares of happie daies befall,  
My gracious soueraigne my molt louing liege.

A 2

*Mow.*

*Gaunt, Edgar  
and  
other. Field.  
Act 1.  
Scene 1*



*The Tragedie of*

*Mowb.* Each day still better others happines,  
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,  
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

*King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
Namely to appeale each other of high treasons:  
Coolin of Herford, what dost thou obiekt  
Against the Duke of Norffolke Thomas Mowbray?

*Bull.* First, heauen be the record to my speech,  
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,  
Tendring the pretious safetie of my Prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellat to this princely prefence,  
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee.  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake  
My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen:  
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,  
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,  
The vgljer seeme the cloudes that in it flie:  
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,  
With a foule traitors name stusse I thy throte,  
And with (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,  
What my tong speaks my right drawen sword may proue.

*Mow.* Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale,  
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,  
The bitter clamour of two eger tongues  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine,  
The blood is hote that must be coold for this,  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be huiisht, and naught at all to say:  
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbs me,  
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,  
Which else would post vntill it had returnd,  
These termes of treason doubled downe his throat:  
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,

And

Sci

*King Richard the second.*

Li

And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,  
 I do defie him, and I spit at him,  
 Call him a slaunderous coward, and a villaine,  
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,  
 And meete him were I tied to runne afoote,  
 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable,  
 Where euer Englishman durst set his foote,  
 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,  
 By all my hopes most falsly doth he lie.

*Bull.* Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,  
 Disclaiming here the kinred of the King,  
 And lay aside my high bloude's royaltie,  
 Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread haue left thee so much strength,  
 As to take vp mine honours pawne, then slowpe,  
 By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
 What I haue spoke, or thou canst worse deuise.

*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,  
 Ile answer thee in any faire degree  
 Or chiuallrous designe of knightly triall:  
 And when I mount, alieue may I not light  
 It I be traitor or vniustly fight.

*King.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbraies charge?  
 It must be great that can inherit vs.  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Bul.* Looke what I speake, my life shall proue it true,  
 That Mowbray hath receiued eight thousand nobles  
 In name of Lendings for your Highnes souldiours,  
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
 Like a false traitour, and iniurious villaine:  
 Besides I say, and will in battle proue,  
 Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge  
 That euer was surueyed by English eye,  
 That all the treasons for these eightene years,

*The Tragedie*

Complotted and contriued in this land:  
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring,  
 Further I say and further will maintaine  
 Vpon his bad life to make all this good,  
 That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,  
 Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,  
 And consequently like a taitour coward,  
 Slucte out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,  
 Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,  
 Even from the toungelesse Cauernes of the earth,  
 To me for iustice and rough chastisements  
 And by the glorious worth of my descent,  
 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

*King.* How high a pitch his resolution soares,  
 Thomas of Norfolk what saist thou to this?

*Mowb.* Oh let my soueraigne turne awaie his face,  
 And bid his eares a little while be deafe.  
 Till I haue tolde this slaunder of his bloud,  
 How God and good men hate so foule a lier,

*King.* Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares  
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire.  
 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,  
 Now by scepters awe I make a vowe,  
 Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud  
 Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize  
 The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpriht soule,  
 He is our subiect Mowbray so art thou.  
 Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allowe.

*Mowb.* Then Bullingbrooke as lowe as to thy heart  
 Through the false passage of thy throate thou liest.  
 Three partes of that receipte I had for Callice,  
 Disburst I duely to his highnesse souldiers,  
 The other part reserude I by consent,  
 For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt.  
 Vpon remainder of a deare account:  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:  
 Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,

*I flew*

*of King Richard the second.*

1. I slewe him not but to my owne disgrace,  
 Neglected my sworne duety in that case:  
 For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
 136 The honourable father to my foe,  
 Once did I lay an ambushe for your life,  
 A trespasse that doth vex my griued soules  
 But ere I last receiue the Sacrament,  
 140 I did confesse it, and exactly begd  
 Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.  
 This is my fault, as for the rest appeald  
 It issues from the rancour of a villaine,  
 144 A recreant and most degenerate traitour,  
 Which in my selfe I boldly will defende,  
 And enterchangeably hurle downe my gage  
 Vpon this ouerweening traitors foote,  
 148 To proue my selfe a loyal Gentleman.  
 Euen in the best blood chamberd in his bosome,  
 In haste wherof most hartily I pray  
 Your highnes to assigne our triall day.  
 152 *King.* Wrath kindled gentleman be ruled by me,  
 Lets purge this choier without letting blood,  
 This we prescribe though no Phisicion,  
 Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,  
 156 Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,  
 Our doctors say, this is no month to bleede:  
 Good Vnckle let this ende where it begonne,  
 Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.  
 160 *Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shal become my age,  
 Throw downe (my soune) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.  
*King.* And Norfolke throw downe his.  
*Gaunt.* When Harry? when obedience bids,  
 164 Obedience bids I should not bid againe.  
*King.* Norfolke throw downe we bid, there is no boote.  
*Mow.* My selfe I throw dread soueraigne at thy foote,  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,  
 168 The one my duety owes, but my faire name  
 Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,  
 To

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144

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152 †

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160

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164

168

*The Trepach of*

To darke dishonours vs<sup>e</sup> thou shalt not haue:  
 I am disgraste, impeacht, and bassfuld heere,  
 Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,  
 The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud  
 Which breathde this poyson.

*King.* Rage must be withstoode,  
 Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopard<sup>s</sup> tame.

*Mowb.* Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
 And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord,  
 The purest treasure mortall times afford,  
 Is spotlesse Reputation that away  
 Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay,  
 A icwell in a ten times bard vp chest,  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast:  
 Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
 Then (deate my Liege) mine honour let me trie.  
 In that I liue, and for that will I die.

*King.* Cousin, throw vp your gage, do you beginne.

*Bast.* O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,  
 Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?  
 Or with pale beggar-seate impeach my height,  
 Before this out-darde Dastard<sup>s</sup> ere my tong  
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare  
 The slavish motiue of recanting feare;  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where Shame doth harbour euen in Mowbraies face.

*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to commaund,  
 Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,  
 Be ready as your liues shall answere it,  
 At Couentry vpon saint Lamberts day,  
 There shall your swords and launces arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your setled hate,  
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see  
 Iustice designe the Victors chivalrie,  
 Lord Marshal, commaund our Officers at Armes.

Be

Sc.i

207

Sc.ii

*King Richard the Second.*Be ready to direct these home allarmes. *Exit,**Enter Iohn of Gaunt With the Duchesse of Gloucester.*

*Gaunt* Alas, the part I had in Woodstockes bloud,  
 Doth more sollicite me than your exclames  
 To stirre against the butchers of his life,  
 But since correction lieth in those hands,  
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct:  
 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,  
 Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,  
 Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.  
*Duchesse* Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurres.  
 Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire:  
 Edwards seuen sonnes whereof thy selfe art one,  
 Were as seuen viols of his sacred bloud,  
 Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:  
 Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,  
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cuts:  
 But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my Gloucester,  
 One violl full of Edwards sacred bloud,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royall roote  
 Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
 Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded  
 By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody axe.  
 Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine, that bed, that womb,  
 That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee  
 Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,  
 Yet art thou slaine in him, thou doost consent  
 In some large measure to thy fathers death,  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the modell of thy fathers life:  
 Call it not patience Gaunt, it is dispaire,  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtred,  
 Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:  
 That which in meane men we intitle Patience,  
 Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breast.

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In

*The Tragedie of*

Scii

What shall I saie? to safegard thine owne life,  
The best way is to venge my Glocesters death.

36

*Gaunt* Gods is the quarrell for Gods substitute,  
His deputy annointed in his sight,  
Hath cauld his death, the which if wrongfully,  
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift  
An angry arme against his minister.

40

*Duch.* Where then may I complaine my selfe?

*Gaunt* To God the widdowes Champion and defence,

*Duch.* Why then I will; farewell olde Gaunt,

44

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold  
Our Coosen Hereford and sell Mowbray fight-  
O set my husbands wronges on Herefords speare,  
That it may enter butchers Mowbraies brests  
Or if misfortune misle the first carier,  
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heavy in his bosome  
That they may breake his forming couriers backe.

48

And throw the rider headlong in the listes.  
A caitiue recreant to my Coosen Hereford,  
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,  
With her companion Griete must end her life.

52

*Gaunt* Sister farewell, I must to Couentry,  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

56

*Duch.* Yet one word inore, griete boundeth where is fals,  
Not with the emptines, hollownes, but weight:  
I take my leaue before I haue begone,  
For sorrow endet not when it seemeth done:  
Commend me to thy brother Edmund Yorke,  
Lo this is all: nay yet depart not so.

60

Though this be al, doe not so quickly go:  
I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?  
With all good speede at Plashie visite me,  
Alacke and what shall good olde Yorke there see,

64

But empty lodgings and vnfurnisht wals,  
Vnpeopled offices, vntraddox stones,  
And what cheere there for welcome but my grones?  
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

68

To

Sc.ii.

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Sc.iii.

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24

*King Richard the Second.*

To seek out sorrow that dwels euery where,  
Desolate desolate will I hence and die:  
The last leane of thee takes my weeping eie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.*

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford armed?

*Aum.* Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolkke sprightly and bold,  
Stais but the summons of the appellants trumpet,

*Aum.* Why then the Champions are prepar'd and stay  
For nothing but his maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound and the King enters with his nobles; when  
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolkke in armes defendent.*

*King* Marshall demaunde of yonder Champion.

The cause of his arriuall here in armes,  
Aske him his name, and orderly proccede  
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

*Mar.* In Gods name and the Kings say who thou art.  
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,  
Against what man thou comist and what thy quarrell.  
Speake truly on thy knighthoode, and thy oth  
As so defend the heauen and thy valour.

*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolkke,  
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,  
(Which God defends a Knight should violate)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue.  
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales me.  
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,  
To proue him in defending of my selfe,  
A traitour to my God, my King, and me,  
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

*The trumpets sound. Enter Duke of Herford  
appellant in armour.*

*King* Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,

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Both

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*The Tragedie of*

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,  
 Thus plated in habiliments of warre,  
 And formally according to our lawe,  
 Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherfore comst thou hither?  
 Before king Richard in his royall lists,  
 Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?  
 Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

*Bul.* Harry of Hertford, Lancaster and Darbie  
 Am I, who ready here do stand in Armes  
 To proue by Gods grace, and my bodie valour  
 In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norffolke,  
 That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,  
 To God of heauen, king Richard and to me.  
 And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*Mar.* On paine of death, no person be so bold,  
 Ordering, hardy, as to touch the listes,  
 Except the Martiall and such officers  
 Appoynted to direct these faire designes.

*Bul.* Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Souereignes hand,  
 And bow my knee before his Maiestie,  
 For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,  
 That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,  
 Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,  
 And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greetes your Highnes,  
 And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

*King* We will descend and told him in our armes,  
 Cousin of Hertford, as thy cause is right,  
 So be thy fortune in this royall fight:  
 Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou shed,  
 Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.

*Bul.* O let no noble eie prophane a teare  
 For me, if I be gorda with Mowbraies speare:  
 As confident as is the Falcons flight  
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.  
 My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you:

Of

Sc.iii.*King Richard the second.*Iiii.

64

Of you (my noble cousin) Lord Aumarle,  
 Not sicke although I haue to do with death,  
 But lusty, yong and cheereley drawing breth:  
 Loe, as at English feasts so I regret  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.  
 Oh thou the earthly Authour of my blood,  
 Whose youthfull spirite in me regenerate  
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,  
 To reach at Victory about my head:  
 Adde prooue vnto mine armour with thy prayers,  
 And with thy blessings steele my launces point,  
 That it may enter Mowbraies waxen cote.  
 And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,  
 Euen in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.

68

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*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,  
 Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
 And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,  
 Fall like amazing thunder on the caske  
 Of thy aduersie pernicious enemy,  
 Rowze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

*Bul.* Mine innocence and saint George to thrive.

*Mowb.* How euer God or Fortune cast my lot,  
 There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,  
 A loyall, iust, and vpriight Gentleman  
 Neuer did captiue with a freer heart  
 Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace  
 His golden vncontrould enfranchisement,  
 More than my dauncing soule doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,  
 Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,  
 Take from my mouth the with of happy yeeres,  
 As gentle, and as iocund as to iest  
 Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

*King* Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,  
 Vertue with Valour couched in thine eie,  
 Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

*Mart.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby,

B 3

Receive

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100

*The Tragedie of*

*Mowb.* Each day still better others happines,  
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,  
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

*King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
Namely to appeale each other of high treason:  
Cousin of Herford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norffolke Thomas Mowbray?

*Bull.* First, heauen be the record to my speech,  
In the deuotion of a subiects love,  
Tending the pretious safetie of my Prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellat to this princely presence,  
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake  
My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen:  
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,  
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,  
The vgljer seeme the cloudes that in it flie:  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foule traitors name stusse I thy throte,  
And with (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,  
What my tong speaks my right drawn sword may proue.

*Mow.* Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale,  
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,  
The bitter clamour of two eger tongues  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine,  
The blood is hote that must be coold for this,  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be huiht, and naught at all to say:  
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbs me,  
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,  
Which else would post vntill it had returnd,  
These termes of treason doubled downe his throat:  
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,

And

Sci

*King Richard the second.*

Li

And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,  
 I do defie him, and I spit at him,  
 Call him a slaunderous coward, and a villaine,  
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,  
 And meete him were I tied to runne afoote,  
 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable,  
 Where euer Englishman durst set his foote,  
 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltye,  
 By all my hopes most falsly doth he lie.

*Bull.* Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,  
 Disclaiming here the kinred of the King,  
 And lay aside my high bloudes royaltye,  
 Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread haue left thee so much strength,  
 As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stowpe,  
 By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
 What I haue spoke, or thou canst worse deuise.

*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,  
 Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,  
 Ile answer thee in any faire degree,  
 Or chiuallrous designe of knightly triall:  
 And when I mount, aloue may I not light  
 It I be traitor or vnjustly fight.

*King.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbrays charge?  
 It must be great that can inherit vs.  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Bul.* Looke what I speake, my life shall proue it true,  
 That Mowbray hath receiued eight thousand nobles  
 In name of Lendings for your Highnes souldiours,  
 The which he hath detained for lewd imployments,  
 Like a false traitour, and iniurious villaine:  
 Besides I say, and will in battle proue,  
 Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge  
 That euer was surueyed by English eye,  
 That all the treasons for these eightene yeares,

*The Tragedie of*

After our sentence playning comes too late.

*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my countries light,  
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

*King.* Returne againe, and take an othe with thee,

Lay on our royall sword your banisht hands,

Swear by the duty that y'owe to God,  
(Our part therein we banish with your selues.)

To keepe the oath that we administer:

You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,

Embrace each others loue in banishment,

Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,

Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,

Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,

To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,

Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

*Bul.* I sweare.

*Mow.* And I, to keepe al this.

*Bul.* Norffolke, so fare as to mine enemy:

By this time, had the King permitted vs,

One of our soules had wandred in the aire,

Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banisht from this land,

Confesse thy treasons ere thou flie the realme,

Since thou hast far to go, beare not along

The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.

*Mow.* No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,

My name be blotted from the booke of life,

And I from heauen banisht as from hence:

But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,

And al too soone (I feare) the King shall rewe:

Farewell (my Lige) now no way can I stray,

Saue backe to England al the worlds my way.

*Exit.*

*King.* Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes,

I see thy grieued heart: thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres

Pluckt foure away, fixe frozen winters spent,

Returne

Sc. iii.

*King Richard the second.*

I.iii.

212

Returne with welcome home from banishment.

212

*Bull.* How long a time lies in one little word,  
 Foure lagging winters and foure wanton springes,  
 End in a word, such is the breath of Kinges.

216

*Gauus.* I thanke my liege that in regard of me,  
 He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile,  
 But little vantage shall I reape thereby:

216

220

For eare the sixe yeares that he hath to spend  
 Can change their moones, and bring their times about,

220

My oile-dried lampe, and time bewasted light  
 Shall be extint with age and endlesse nightes,

†

†

224

My intch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 And blindfold Death not let me see my sonne.

224

*King.* Why Vnckle thou hast many yeares to liue.

228

*Gauus.* But not a minute King that thou canst giue,  
 Shorten my daies thou canst with sullen sorrowe,

†

228

And plucke nightes from me, but not lend a morrow:  
 Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,

But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

232

Thy word is currant with him for my death,  
 But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

232

*King.* Thy sonne is banisht vpon good aduise,  
 Whereto thy tong a party verdict gaue,

†

†

236

Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

*Gauus.* Things sweet to taste, prooue in digestion sowre,

236

You vrgde me as a iudge, but I had rather,

You would haue bid me argue like a father:

Oh had't beene a stranger, not my child,

\*

240

To smooth his fault I should haue beene more milde:

240 \*

A partial flaunder sought I to auoide,

\*

And in the sentence my owne life destroyed:

\*

Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,

244

I was too strict to make mine owne away:

244

But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,

Against my will to do my selfe this wrong

*King.* Coofen farewel, and Vnckle, bid him go,

248

Sixe yeares we banish him and he shall go,

Exit:

248 †

Au-

&lt;

*The Tragedie of*

*As.* Cousin farewell, what presence must not know,  
From where you doe remaue let paper shew.

252 *Mar.* My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride  
+ As farre as land will let me by your side.

+ *Gamm.* Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,  
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

256 *Bull.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,  
When the tongues office should be prodigall.  
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.

*Gamm.* Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

260 *Bull.* Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

*Gamm.* What is fixe winter, they are quickly gone,

*Bul.* To men in ioy, but griefe makes one hower ten,

*Gamm.* Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure,

264 *Bul.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.

*Gamm.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps,  
Esteeme as foyle wherein thou art to set,  
The pretious Iewell of thy home returne.

\* 268 *Bul.* Nay rather every tedious stride I make,  
\* Will but remember me what a deale of world;

\* I wander from the Iewels that I loue.

\* Must I not serue a long apprenticeship,

\* 272 To forreine passages, and in the end,

\* Having my freedome, boast of nothing else,

\* But that I was a iourneyman to griefe.

\* *Gamm.* All places that the eie of heaven visits,

\* 276 Are to a wiseman portes and happie haunts:

\* Teach thy necessity to reason thus,

\* There is no vertue like necessity,

\* Thinke not the King did banish thee.

\* 280 But thou the King: Woe doth the heauier sit,

\* Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:

\* Go, say I sent thee soorth to purchase honour,

\* And not the King exile thee; or suppose,

\* 284 Devouring pestilence hangs in our aire,

\* And thou art flying to a fresher climate:

Looke

Sc.iii*King Richard the second.*I.iii

288 Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it  
 To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:  
 Suppose the linging birds musitions,  
 The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowd,  
 The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more  
 292 Then a delightfull measure or a dance,  
 For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite,  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

But. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 296 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feasts?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantasticke sommers heate?  
 300 Oh no, the apprehension of the good,  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
 Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more,  
 Then when he bites, but launceth not the sore.  
 304 Gaus. Come come my sonne Ile bring thee on thy way.  
 Had I thy ycuth and cause, I would not stay.

But. Then Englands ground farewell, sweet foile adiew,  
 308 My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,  
 309 Where eare I wander boast of this I can,  
 Though banishd, yet a true borne English man. *Exeunt.*

Sc.ii

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the  
 Lord Aumarle at another.*

I.iv

King We did obserue. Coosen Aumarle  
 How tar brought you high Hereford on his way?  
 4 Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,  
 But to the next high way, and there I left him.  
 King And say, what store of parting teares were shed?  
 Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,  
 8 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
 Awakt the sleeping rhowme, and so by chance  
 Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

C 2

*King*



*The Tragedie of*

*King.* What said our cousin when you parted with him?

11, 12.

*Ann.* Farewel, & for my hart disdained that my tongue  
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,  
To counterfeit oppression of such griefe,  
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:  
Marry would the word Farewel haue lengthned howers,  
And added yeares to his short banishment,  
He should haue had a volume of farewells:  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

12

16

16

+ 20

*King.* He is our Coosens Coosin, but tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

20

+

24

Our selfe and Bushie,  
Observed his courtship to the common people,  
How he did seeme to diue into their harts,  
With humble and familiar courtesie,

24

+

+ 28

What reuerence he did throw away on slaues,  
Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles  
And patient vnder-bearing of his fortune,  
As twere to banish their affects with him,

28

32

Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,  
A brace of draimen bid, God speed him wel,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

32

+

36

With thanks my countreyemen my louing friender,  
As were our England in reuerfion his,  
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

36

40

*Greene.* Wel, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,  
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,  
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,  
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes.  
For their aduantage and your highnes losse.

40

44

*King.* VVe will our selfe in person to this warre,  
And for our coffers with too great a court,  
And liberall larges are growen somewhat light,  
VVe are inforst to farm our royall Realme.  
The reueneue whereof shall furnish vs,  
For our affaires in hand if that come short,

44

Our

Sc.IV.

*King Richard the second.*

I.iv.

Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,  
 Whereto, when they shal know what men are rich,  
 They shal subscribe them for large summes of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants,  
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushie with newes.*

52 *Bush.* Olde Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous sicke my Lord  
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste,  
 To intreate your Maieslie to visite him.

*King* Where lies he?

56 *Bush.* At Ely house.

*King* Now put it (God) in the Physicians mind,  
 To help him to his graue immediatly;  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coates  
 To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.  
 Come gentlemen, lets all go visite him,  
 Pray God we may make haste and come too late,

63 Amen

*Exeunt.*

Sc.V.

*Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the duke of Yorke, &c.*

*Gaunt.* Wil the King come that I may breathe my last?  
 In holosome counsell to his vnstaid youth.

4 *Yorke* Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath,  
 For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

*Gaunt.* Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,  
 Inforce attention like deepe harmony:  
 Where words are scarce they are seldome spent in vaine,  
 For they breathe truth that breathe their wordes in paine:  
 He that no more must say, is listened more  
 Than they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,  
 More are mens ends markt than their liues before:

12 The setting Sunne, and Musike at the close,  
 As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,  
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past,  
 Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,  
 My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

16 *Yorke* No, it is stopt with other flattering soundes.

C 3

As

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II, i. +

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II.]

*The Tragedie of*

Sc.V

† As praises of whose taste the wise are found  
 Lasciuious meeters, to whose venome sound  
 20 The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.  
 Report of fashions in proude Italie,  
 Whose maners still our tandy apith nation  
 Limps after in base imitations  
 24 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,  
 So it be new, theres no respect how vile,  
 That is not quickly buzde into his eares:  
 † Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard,  
 28 Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:  
 Direct not him whose way himselfe wil chuse,  
 Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose:  
 Gaius Me thinks I am a prophet new inspirde,  
 32 And thus expiring do foretell of him,  
 His rash fierce blaze of ryot cannot last:  
 For violent fires soone burne out themselves.  
 Small shoures last long, but sodaine stormes are short:  
 36 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes  
 With eagre feeding foode doth choke the feeder,  
 Light vanitie insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming meanes soone praies vpon it selfe:  
 40 This royall throne of Kings, this sceptred Ile:  
 This earth of maiestie, this seate of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demy Paradice,  
 This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
 44 Against infection and the hand of warre,  
 This happy breede of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the siluer sea,  
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
 † Or as moate defensiu to a house,  
 48 Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,  
 † Feard by their breed, and famous by theyr byrth,  
 52 Renowned for theyr deedes as far from home,  
 For christian seruice, and true chiuallry,

Sc.v*King Richard the second.*II.i

56 As is the sepulchre in stubburne lewry,  
 Of the worlds ransome blessed Maries sonne:  
 This land of such deare soules, this deere deere land,  
 Deare for her reputation through the world,  
 60 Is now leasde out; I dye pronouncing it,  
 Like to a tenement or pelting Farne.  
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious sieg  
 Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 64 With inckie blots, and rotten parchment bonds:  
 That England that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:  
 Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,  
 68 How happy then were my ensuing death?  
*Torke* The King is come, deale mildely with his youth,  
 For young hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

*Enter King and Queene, &c.*

72 *Queene* How fares our noble vnclie Lancaster?  
*King* What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?  
*Gaunt* O how that name befits my composition!  
 Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being olde:  
 Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.  
 76 And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?  
 For sleeping England long time haue I watcht.  
 Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:  
 The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon  
 80 Is my strict fast; I meane my childrens lookes,  
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:  
 Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,  
 Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.  
 84 *King* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?  
*Gaunt* No misery makes sport to mocke it selfe,  
 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,  
 I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.  
 88 *King* Should dying men flatter with those that liue?  
*Gaunt* No no, men liuing flatter those that die.

*King*

*The Tragedie of*

*King.* Thou now a dying sayest thou flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* Oh no, thou dost, though I the sicker be.

+ 92 *King.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

92

*Gaunt.* Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill.

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

+ Thy death-bed is no lesse than thy land;

96 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,

96

And thou too careless patient as thou art

Committst thy annoy'd body to the cure

Of those Physicians that first wounded thee,

100 A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,

100

Whose compasse is no bigger than thy head,

+ And yet intraged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesse than thy land;

104 Oh had thy grandfire with a Prophets eie,

104

Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonne,

From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possesst,

108 Which art possesst now to depole thy selfe;

108

+ Why cousin wert thou regent of the world,

+ It were a shame to let this land by leases

But for thy world enioying but this land,

112 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

112

+ Landlord of England art thou now not, not King.

Thy state of lawe is bond slaue to the lawe,

And thou

+ *King.* A lunatike leane-witted foole,

116 Presuming on an agues priuiledge,

116

Darest with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheekes, chasing the royall blood

With furie from his natue residence.

120 Now by my seates right royall maiestie,

120

Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,

This tong that runnes so roundly in thy head,

Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

+ 124 *Gaunt.* Oh spare me not my brothers Edwards sonne,

124

For that I was his father Edwards sonne,

That

Sc.V.*King Richard the second.*II.1.

That blood already like the Pellican,  
 Hast thou tapt out and drunkenly carowst,  
 My brother Gloucester plaine well meaning soule,  
 Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,  
 Maie be a president and witnes good:  
 That thou respectst not spilling Edwards blood:  
 Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,  
 And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too long withered flower,  
 Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be,  
 Conuay me to my bed then to my graue,  
 Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

*Exit.*

King And let them die that age and sullens haue,  
 For both hast thou and both become the graue.

Yorke I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words  
 To walward sicklines and age in him,  
 He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,  
 As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.

King Right, you say true, as Herefords loue, so his  
 As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is. *(iestie.)*

North. My liege, old Gauut commends him to your Ma-

King What saies he?

North. Nay nothing, all is said:  
 His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,  
 Words, life, and al, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yorke Be Yorke the next that must be bankrout so,  
 Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he.  
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;  
 So much for that. Now for our Irish wars,  
 We must supplant those rough rugheaded kernes,  
 Which liue like venome, where no venome else,  
 But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.  
 And for these great affaires do aske some charge,  
 Towards our assistance we doe seaze to vs;

D

The

*The Tragedie of*

The plate, coine, reuenues, and moucables  
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did stand posselt.

+       Yorke How long shal I be patient? ah how long  
164 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucesters death, nor Herefords banishment,  
Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,  
168 Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,  
About his mariadge, nor my owne disgrace,  
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheekes  
Or bende one wrinkle on my foueraignes face:  
I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes,  
172 Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first  
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,  
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde,  
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:  
176 His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,  
Accomplisht with a number of thy howers;  
But when he frowned it was against the french,  
And not against his friends: his noble hand  
180 Did win what he did spende, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:  
His hands were guilty of no kinred blood,  
But blqudie with the enemies of his kinne:  
184 Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,  
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King Why Vnckle whats the matter?

188 Yorke Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,  
If not I pleasd not to be pardoned, am content with all,  
Secke you to seaze and gripe into your hands  
The roialties and rights of banisht Hereford:  
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford liue?  
192 Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harrie true?  
Did not the one deserue to haue an heire?  
Is not his heire a well deseruing sonne?  
Take Herefords rightes away, and take from time  
196 His charters, and his customarie rightes;  
Let not to morrow then ensue to daie:  
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King

But

*King Richard the second.*

II.1

200 But by faire sequence and succession  
 Now afore God God forbidde I say true,  
 If you doe wrongfully seaze Herefords rightes,  
 Call in the letters patents that he hath  
 204 By his attourneies generall to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offred homage,  
 You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,  
 And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,  
 208 Which honour, and alleageance cannot thinke.

King Thinke what you wil, we cease into our hands  
 His plate, his goods, his money and his landes.

212 Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,  
 What will ensue hereof thers none can tell:  
 But by bad courses may be vnderstood  
 That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Extr.*

216 King Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,  
 Bid him repaire to vs to Ely house,  
 To see this busines: to morrow next  
 We will for Ireland, and tis time I throw,  
 And we create in absence of our selfe,  
 220 Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;  
 For he is iust, and alwaies loued vs well:  
 Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
 Be merry, for our time of staie is short.

*Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North.*

224 North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse And liuing to, for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

228 North. Richly in both if iustice had her right,

Rosse My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,  
 Eart be disburdened with a liberall tongue,

232 North. Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speake more  
 That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme. (ford?  
 Will. Tends that thou wouldst speake to the Duke of Her-  
 If it be so, out with it boldly man.

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

D 2

Rosse



*The Tragedie of*

*Rosse* No good at all that I can doe for him,  
 Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,  
 Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,  
 In him a royall Prince and many mo,  
 Of noble blood in this declining land,  
 The King is not himselfe, but basely led  
 By flatterers, and what they will informe,  
 Meerely in hate gainst any of vs all,  
 That will the King severely prosecute,  
 Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

*Rosse* The commons hath he pild with grienous taxes,  
 And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,  
 For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.

*Will.* And daily new exactions are deuise,  
 As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what  
 But what a Gods name doth become of this.

*North.* Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,  
 But basely yeelded vpon compromise,  
 That which his noble auncestors atchiued with blowes,  
 More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.

*Rosse* The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in farme.

*Will.* The King growen banckrout like a broken man,

*North.* Reproch and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

*Rosse* He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
 But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman most degenerate King,

But Lords we heare this fearefull tempest sing,

Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme

We see the wind sit fore vpon our sailes.

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Rosse* We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And vnauoided is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

*North.* Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,  
 I spie life peering but I dare not say.

How

Sc.V.

*King Richard the second.*

II.i.

272

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

272

*Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.*Rosse* Be confident to speake Northumberland

276

We three are but thy selfe, and speaking so  
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

276

*North.* Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan

+

A Bay in Brittain receiue intelligence,

That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham

279.†

280

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter

His brother, archbishop late of Canterburie,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,

†

Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines;

284.†

284

All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittain

With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of warre,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:

288.

288

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay.

The first departing of the King for Ireland,

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Impe our drowping countries broken wing,

292

292

Redeeme from Broking pawne the blemish Crowne,

Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,

†

And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,

296

296

Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh

But if you faint, as feareing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

*Rosse* To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

299

*Will.* Holde out my horse, and I will first be there.

300

*Exeunt.*

&lt;

Sc.VI.

*Enter the Queene, Bushie, Bagot.*

II.ii.

*Bush.* Madam, your maiestie is too much sad,

You promist, when you parted with the King,

†

To lay aside life-harming heauines,

†

4

And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

*Queene* To please the king I did, to please my selfe

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe.

D 3

Sauc

*The Tragedie of*

8 Some bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,  
 As my sweete Richard: yet agayne me thinkes  
 Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe  
 12 Is comming towardes me and my inward soule,  
 With nothing trembles, at something it grieues,  
 More then with parting from my Lord the King.

*Bushie* Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes.

Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:

16 For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,

Diuides one thing entire to many objects,

Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon

Shew nothing but confusion; eyde awry,

20 Distinguish forme: so your sweet maiestie,

Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,

Finde shapes of griefe more than himselfe to waile,

Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes

+24 Of what it is not; then thrice (gracious Queene)

+ More then your Lords departure weep not, more is not seen

Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eye,

+ Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

28 *Queene* It may be so; but yet my inward soule

Perfwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,

I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,

+ As thought on thinking on no thought I thinke,

32 Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

+ *Bushie* Tis nothing but conceit my gracious Lady.

*Queene* Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriude,

From some forefather griefe, mine is not so,

36 For nothing hath begot my something griefe,

Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,

Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,

But what it is that is not yet knownen what,

40 I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

+ *Greene* God saue your maiesty, and well met Gentlemen,

I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

*Queene* Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,

44 For his designs craue haste, his haste good hope:

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

*Greene*

*King Richard the second.*

*Greene* That be our hope might haue retirde his power,  
 And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land  
 The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,  
 And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.

*Queene* Now God in heauen forbid.

*Greene* Ah Madam! tis too true, and that is worse:  
 The lord Northumberland, his son yong H. Percie,  
 The lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 With all their powerful friends are fled to him,

*Bushe* Why haue you not proclaimed Northumberland  
 And al the rest reuolted faction, traitours?

*Greene* We haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester  
 Hath broken his Staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,  
 And al the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

*Queene* So Greene, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
 And Bullingbrooke my sorowes dismall heire,  
 Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,  
 And I a gasping new deliuetd mother,  
 Haue woe to woe, sorow to sorow ioynde

*Bushe* Dispaire not Madam.

*Queene* Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire and be at enmitie  
 With coufening Hope, he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper backe of Death,  
 Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,  
 VVhich false Hope lingers in extremitie.

*Greene* Here comes the Duke of Yorke.

*Queene* VVith signes of war about his aged necke,  
 Oh ful of carefull busines are his lookes!  
 Vncle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.

*Yorke* Should I do so I should bely my thoughts,  
 Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,  
 VVhere nothing liues but crosses, cares and griefes:  
 Your husband, he is gone to saue far off,  
 VVhilst others come to make him loofe at home:  
 Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,

VVho

II.ii.

*The Tragedie of*

Sc.VI.

Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,  
Now comes the sicke houre that his sister made,  
Now shall he trie his friends that flattered him.

*Seruingman* My Lord, your son was gone before I came.

*Torke* He was; why so go all which way it will:  
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are colde,  
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.  
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,  
Hold take my ring.

*Seruingman* My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordships  
To day as I came by I called there,  
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

*Yorke* What ist knaue!

*Seruingman* An houre before I came the Dutcheffe died.

*Yorke* God for his mercy, what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once!

I know not what to do: I would to God,  
(So my vnt ruth had not prouokt him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What are there no Posts dispatcht for Ireland?

How shal we do for money for these wars?

Come sister, cousin I would say, pray pardon me!

Go fellow get thee home, prouide some carter,

And bring away the armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affayres

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Neuer beleue me: both are my kinsmen.

T'one is my soueraigne, whom both my oath

And duety bids defend; tother againe

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd.

Whom conscience, and my kinfred bids to right.

Wel somewhat we must do: Come cousin,

Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,

And meete me presently at Barkly:

I should to Plashie too, but time wil not permit:

All

Sc.vi.

*King Richard the second.*

IIi.

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fixe and seauen.

*Exeunt Duke. Qu. man. Bush. Green.*

120

*Bush.* The winde sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,  
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power  
Proportionable to the enemy is all vnpossible.

124

*Gre.* Besides our neerenes to the King in loue,  
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.

*Bag.* And that is the wauering commons for their loue  
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

128

*Bush.* Wherein the King stands generally condemnd,

*Bag.* If iudgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.

132

*Gre.* Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle.  
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bush.* Thither will I with you, for little office  
Will the hatefull commons perforce me for vs.

136

Except like curs to teare vs all to pieces:  
Will you go along with vs?

*Bag.* No, I will to Ireland to his Maiesty,  
Farewell if hearts presages be not vaine,  
We three here part that nere shall meete againe.

140

*Bush.* Thats as Yorke thrines to beat backe Bullingbrook.

*Gre.* Alas poore Duke the taske he vndertakes,  
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will slie:  
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

144

145

*Bush.* Well, we may meete againe.

*Bag.* I feare me neuer.

Sc.vii.

*Enter Hereford, Northumberland.*

*Bull.* How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?

*North.* Belceuc me noble Lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire,  
These high wild hills and rough vneuen waies,  
Drawes out our miles and makes them wearisome.  
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.

4

E

But

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124

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128

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132

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136

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144

148†

149

IIiii.†

*The Tragedie of*

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16

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+ 24

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28

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+

32

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+ 36

+

40

But I bethinke me what a weary way  
 From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,  
 In Rolle and Willoughby wanting your company,  
 Which I protest hath very much beguild,  
 The tediousnesse and procelle of my trauell:  
 But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue  
 The present benefit which I pesseffe,  
 And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioye.  
 Then hope enjoyed: by this the weary Lords  
 Shall make their way seeme short as mine hath done,  
 By sight of what I haue, your noble company.

*Bull.* Of much lesse value is my company,  
 Then your good wordes. But who comes here?

*Enter Harry Persie.*

*North.* It is my sonne young Harry Persy,  
 Sent from my brother Worcester whence soeuer.

*Harry.* how fares your Vnckle? (of you.

*H. Per.* I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

*North.* Why is he not with the Queene?

*H. Per.* No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the court,  
 Broken his staffe of office and disperst

The household of the King,

*North.* What was his reason, he was not so resolute,  
 When last we spake together?

*H. Per.* Because your Lo: was proclaimed traitor,  
 But he my Lo: is gone to Rauenspurgh,

To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,  
 And sent me ouer by Barkly to discouer,  
 What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,

Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh,  
*North.* Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy.

*H. Per.* No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,  
 Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge  
 I neuer in my life did looke on him.

*North.* Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

*H. Per.* My gracious Lo: I tender you my seruice,  
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
 Which elder daies shall ripen and confirme

To

*King Richard the second.*

To more approued seruice and desert.

*Bull.* I thanke thee gentle Perfy, and be sure,  
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soule remembering my good friends;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,  
It shalbe still thy true loues recompence,  
My heart this conenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

*North.* How farre is it to Barckly, and what flur  
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?

*H. Per.* There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,  
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,  
And in it are the Lords of Yorke Barkly and Seymen  
None else of name and noble estimate.

*North.* Here come the Lords of Rosse and Willoughby,  
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.

*Bull.* VVelcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues,  
A banisht traitor: all my treasury  
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich  
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.

*Rosse.* Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

*Wil.* And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.

*Bul.* Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore.  
VVhich till my infant fortune comes to yeares,  
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

*North.* It is my Lord of Barkly as I guesse.

*Barkly.* My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.

*Bul.* My Lord my answere is to Lancaster,  
And I am come to seeke that name in England,  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to ought you say.

*Bar.* Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,  
To race one title of your honor out:  
To you my Lo: I come, what Lo: you will.  
From the most gracious regent of this land  
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,  
To take aduantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peate with selfe borne armes?



*The Tragedie of*

*Bull.* I shall not need transport my words by you,  
Here comes his grace in person, my noble Vnckle.

*Torke* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.

*Bull.* My gracious Vnckle.

*Tor.* Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,  
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace  
In an vngracious mouth is but prophane;  
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,  
Dard once to touch a dust of Englands ground:  
But then more why? why haue they dard to march  
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,  
Frighting her pale fac't villadges with warre,  
And ostentation of despised armes?

Comst thou because the annointed king is hence?  
Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,  
And in my loiall bosome lies his power,  
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,  
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe,  
Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranckes of many thousand french,  
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,  
Now prisoner to the Palsie chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Bull.* My gracious Vnckle let me know my fault,  
On what condition stands it and wherein?

*Torke* Euen in condition of the worst degree,  
In grosse rebellion and detested treason,  
Thou art a banisht man and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In brauing armes against thy soueraigne.

*Bull.* As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And noble Vnckle I beseech your grace,  
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eie:  
You are my father, for me thinkes in you  
I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then my father,

Sc.vii.

*King Richard the second.*

II.iii.

120

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties  
 Pluckt from my armes perforce; and giuen away  
 To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?  
 If that my cousin King be King in England,  
 It must be granted I am duke of Lancasters:  
 You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble cousin,  
 Had you first died, and he bin thus trod downe,  
 He should haue found his vncke Gaunt a father,  
 To rowze his wrongs and chase them to the baie.  
 I am denyed to sue my Liurey here,  
 And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.  
 My fathers goods are all distrainde and sold,  
 And these, and all, are all amisse employed.  
 What would you haue me do? I am a subiect;  
 And I challenge law, Attornies are denied me,  
 And therefore personally I lay my claime  
 To my inheritance of free descent.

124

128

132

136

140

144

148

152

*North.* The noble Duke hath bin too much abused.

*Rosse.* It stands your Grace vpon to do him right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this:

I haue had feeling of my cousins wrongs,  
 And labourd all I could to do him right:  
 But in this kind to come, in brauing armes  
 Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,  
 To finde out right wyth wrong it may not be:  
 And you that do abette him in this kinde,  
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebells all.

*North.* The noble Duke hath sworne his comming is,  
 But for his owne; and for the right of that,  
 We al haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:  
 And let him neuer see ioy that breakes that oath.

*York.* Wel wel, I see the issue of these armes,  
 I cannot mend it I must needes confesse,  
 Because my power is weake and all ill left:  
 But if I could, by him that gaue me life,

120

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124

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128

132

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148

†

152

II, III.*The Tragedie of*Sc, VII.

156

I would attach you all, and make you sloop  
 Vnto the soueraigne mercie of the king;  
 † But since I cannot, be it knowen vnto you,  
 I do remaine as newter, so fare you well,  
 160 Vnlesse you please to enter in the castle,  
 And there reпре you for this night.

156

160

164

*Bull.* An offer vnle that we will accept,  
 But we must winne your Grace to go with vs,  
 To Bristow castle, which they say is held  
 By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,  
 The caterpillers of the commonwealth,  
 Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

164

168

*Yorke* It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawse.  
 For I am loath to breake our countries lawes,  
 Nor friends, nor foes to me welcome you are:

168

171

Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

171

II, IV. †

†

*Enter erle of Salisbury and a Welch captaine.*

Sc, VIII.

4

*Welch.* My lord of Salisbury, we haue stayed ten dayes,  
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
 And yet we heare no tidings from the King,  
 Therefore we will disperle our selues, farewell.

4

†

*Salis.* Stay yet an other day, thou trustie Welchman,  
 The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

† 8

*Welch.* Tis thought the King is dead; we wil not flay.

8

12

The bay trees in our country are al witherd,  
 And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen,  
 The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,  
 And leane-lookt prophets whisper fearefull change,  
 Rich men looke sad, and ruffians daunce and leape,  
 The one in feare to loose what they enioy,  
 The other to enioy by rage and warre:

12

†

These signes forerunne the death or fall of Kings.

16

Farewell, our countrymen are gone and fled,

16

&gt;

As well assured Richard their King is dead,

†

*Salis.* Ah Richard! with the eies of heauy mind  
 I see thy glory like a shooting starre

Fall

Sc. VIII.

20

24

Sc. IX.

4

8

12

16

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24

28

*King Richard the second.*

Fall to the base earth from the firmament,  
 Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 Witnessing stormes to come, wo, and vniuersall,  
 Thy friends are fled to wait vpon thy foes,  
 And crosly to thy good all fortune gbes.

*Enter Duke of Hereford, York, Northumberland,  
 Bushie and Greene prisoners.*

*Bull.* Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,  
 Since presently your soules must part your bodies  
 With too much vrging your pernicious liues,  
 For twere no charitie; yet to wash your blood  
 From off my hands, heere in the view of men  
 I will vnfold some causes of your deaths:  
 You haue mislead a Prince, a royall King,  
 A happy Gentleman in bloud and lineaments,  
 By you unhappied, and disfigured cleane,  
 You haue in manner with your sinfull houres  
 Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,  
 Broke the possession of a royall bed,  
 And staine the beutie of a faire Queenes cheekes  
 With teares, drawn from her eies by your fowle wrongs,  
 My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,  
 Neere to the King in bloud, and neere in loue,  
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
 Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,  
 And sigh't my English breath in forren clondes,  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
 Whilstt you haue fed vpon my seigniories,  
 Disparkt my parkes, and felld my forrest woods,  
 From my owne windowes torne my household coate,  
 Ract out my impresse, leauing me no signe,  
 Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,  
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.  
 This and much more, much more then twice all this  
 Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer  
 To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushie*II. iv.

20

24

28

+ III. i

4

8

12

16

20.†

24.†

28

*The Tragedie of*

32 *Bul.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
 Than Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farwell.  
 36 *Greene* My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules.  
 And plague iniustice with the paines of hell,  
 + *Bul.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch:  
 36 Vncle, you say the Queene is at your house,  
 + For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,  
 Tel her I send to her my kinde commends;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliuered.  
 40 *Yorke* A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,  
 With letters of your loue to her at large.  
 + *Bul.* Thanks(gentle vncle:) Come Lords, away,  
 To fight with Glendor and his complices,  
 44 A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

+ *Enter the King Aumerle, Carleill, &c.*  
*King* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?  
*Aum.* Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre  
 After your late tosing on the breaking feast  
 44 *King* Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy.  
 To stand vpon my kingdome once againe:  
 Deere earth I do salute thee with my hand,  
 8 Though rebels wound thee with their horses hooves:  
 As a long parted mother with her childe  
 Playes fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting;  
 So weeping, smiling greete I thee my earth,  
 + And do thee fauours with my royall hands;  
 12 Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,  
 Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauinous fence,  
 But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,  
 And heauy-gated toades lie in theyr way,  
 16 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,  
 Which with vsurping steps do trample thee,  
 Ycelde stinging nettles to mine enemies:  
 And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,  
 +20 Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,  
 Whose double tongue may wyth a mortall touch,

Throw

*King Richard the second.*

Throwe death vpon thy soucraignes enemies,  
 Mocke not my senceles coniuration Lords,  
 This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones,  
 Proue armed souldiers ere her natieue King,  
 Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.

*Carl.* Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,  
 Hath power to keepe you king in spight of all,  
 The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't  
 And not neglected. Else heauen would,  
 And we will not, heauens offer we refuse,  
 The profered meanes of succors and redresse.

*Aum.* He meanes my Lo: that we are too remisse,  
 Whilst Bullingbrooke through our security,  
 Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

*King* Discomfortable Coosen knowst thou not,  
 That when the searching eie of heauen is hid,  
 Behinde the globe that lights the lower world,  
 Then theeues and robbers range abroad vncene,  
 In murthers and in outrage bouldy here,  
 But when from vnder this terrestriall ball,  
 He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,  
 And dartes his light through euery guilty hole,  
 Then murthers, treasons and detested sinnes,  
 The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues?  
 So when this thiefe, this traitor Bullingbrooke,  
 Who all this while hath reuel'd in the night,  
 VVhilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,  
 Shall see vs rising in our throne the east,  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 Not able to endure the sight of day,  
 But selfe affrighted tremble at his sinne,  
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea,  
 Can wash the balme off from an annointed King,  
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose,  
 The deputy elected by the Lord,  
 For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,

F

To

*The Tragedie of*

To lifte shrewd Steele against our golden crowne,  
 God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,  
 A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,  
 Weake men must fall, for heauen still gardes the right.

*Enter Salisb.*

*King* Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?

*Salis.* Nor neare nor farther off my gracious Lo:  
 Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongues  
 And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,

One day too late I feare me noble Lo:

Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth:

O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,

And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,

To day to day vnhappy daie too late,

Ouerthrowes thy ioies friends, fortune and thy state.

For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bullingbrooke disperst and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.

*King* But now the blood of 20000. men,

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:

And till to much blood thither come againe,

Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?

All soules that wilbe safe, flie from my side,

For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort my liege remember who you are.

*King* I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?

Awake thou coward Maiesty thou sleepest.

Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?

Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes,

At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,

Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?

High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke,

Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes here?

*Enter Scroope.*

*Scro.* More health and happines betide my liege,

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him,

*King* Mine care is open, and my hart prepard,

The

Sc.X.

*King Richard the second.*

III, ii.

96 The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,  
 Say, is my kingdome lost? why twas my care,  
 And what losse is it to be rid of care?  
 Strives Bullingbrooke to be as great as we,  
 Greater he shall not be, if he serue God,  
 100 Weele serue him to, and be his fellow so:  
 Revolt our subiects, that we cannot mende,  
 They breake their faith to God as well as vs:  
 Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay.  
 104 The worst is death, and death will haue his day.  
 Scro. Glad am I, that your highnes is so armde,  
 To beare the tidings of calamity,  
 Like an vnseasonable storinic day,  
 108 Which makes the siluer riuers drowne their shores,  
 As if the world were all dissolude to teares:  
 So high aboue his limits swels the rage  
 Of Bullingbrooke couering your fearefull land.  
 112 With hard bright Steele, and harts harder then Steele,  
 White beards haue armd their thin and haireles scalpes  
 Against thy maiesty: boies with womens voices,  
 Strive to speake big and clap their femal ioints,  
 116 In stifte vnweildy armes against thy crowne,  
 Thy very beardsmen learne to bend their bowes,  
 Of double fatall ewe against thy state,  
 Yea distaffe women mannage rustic bills  
 Against thy seate, both young and old rebell,  
 120 And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King Too well too well thou telst a tale so ill,  
 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
 What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?  
 124 That they haue let the dangerous enemy,  
 Measure our confines with such peacefull steps,  
 If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:  
 I warrant they haue made peace with Bulling.

128 Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.

King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,  
 Dogs easily wooon to sawne on any man,

F 2

Snakes

96

100

+

104

+

108

112. +

+

116

120

+

124

128

+



*The Tragedie of*

Snakes in my hart bloud warmd that sting my hart,  
 Three Iudasles, each one thrise worse then Iudas,  
 Would they make peace? terrible hel,  
 Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.

*Scro.* Sweet loue I see changing his property,  
 Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate,  
 Againe, vncurse their soules, their peace is made  
 With heads and not with hands, those whom you curse  
 Haue felt the worst of deathes destroying wound,  
 And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

*Ann.* Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.

*Scro.* I all of them at Brisflow lost their heads.

*Ann.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?

*King.* No matter where, of comfort no man speake:  
 Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eies,  
 Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.

Lets choose executors and talke of wils:  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,  
 Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 Our landes, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,

And nothing can we call our owne, but death:  
 And that small modle of the barren earth,  
 Which serues as paste, and couer to our bones,  
 For Gods sake let vs fit vpon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.

How some haue beene deposed, some slaine in warre,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,  
 Some poisoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild;

All murdered, for within the hollow crowne  
 That roundes the mortall temples of a king,  
 Keepest death his court, and there the antique sits,  
 Scofing his state and grinning at his pompe,  
 Allowing him a breath, a litle sceane,

To monarchise be feard, and kil with lookes,  
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
 As if this flesh which wals about our life,

Were brasle impregnable: and humord thus,

Comes

*King Richard the second.*

Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Boares thorough his Castle wall, and farewell King;  
 Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,  
 172 With solemne reuerence, throw a way respect,  
 Tradition, forme, and ceremonious duetie,  
 For you haue but mistooke me at this while:  
 I liue with bread like you, feelee want,  
 176 Taste grieffe, neede friends, subiected thus,  
 How can you say to me, I am a King?

*Carleil* My lord, wisemen nere fit and waile theyr woes,  
 But presently preuent the wayes to waile,  
 180 To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,  
 Giues in your weakenes strength vnto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against your selfe:  
 Feare and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,  
 184 And fight and die, is death destroying death,  
 Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

*Ann.* My father hath a power, inquire of him,  
 And learne to make a body of a limme.

188 *King* Thou chidst me well, prowd Bullingbrooke, I come.  
 To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:  
 This agew fit of feare is ouerblowne,  
 An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

192 *Say* Scroope, where lies our vncle with his power?  
 Spcake sweetely man although thy lookes be fower.

*Scroope* Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,  
 The state and inclination of the day;  
 196 So may you by my dull and heauy eie:  
 My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,  
 I play the torturer by small and small  
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:  
 200 Your vncle Yorke is ioyned with Bullingbrooke,  
 And all your Northerne castles yeilded vp,  
 And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes  
 Vpon his partie.

204 *King* Thou hast said enough:  
 Beshrew thee cousin which didst leade me forth

III, II

*The Tragedie of*

Sc. I.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.  
 What say you now? what comfort haue we now?  
 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,  
 That bids me be of comfort any more.  
 Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,  
 A King woes slaue shall kingly woes obey:  
 That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe  
 To eare the land that hath some hope to grow,  
 For I haue none, let no man speake againe,  
 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

*Aum.* My Liege, one word.

*King* He does me double wrong,  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,  
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,  
 From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

*Enter Bull. Yorke, North.*

*Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne  
 The Welch men are disperst, and Salisburie  
 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed  
 With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

*North.* The newes is very faire and good my lord,  
 Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

*Yorke* It would beseme the Lord Northumberland  
 To say King Richard; alacke the heauy day,  
 When such a sacred King should hide his head.

*North.* Your Grace mistakes; onely to be brieft  
 Left I his title out.

*Yorke* The time hath bin, would you haue beene so brieft:  
 He would haue bin so brieft to shorten you, (with him,  
 For taking so the head your whole heads length.

*Bull.* Mistake not (vncke) further then you should.

*Yorke* Take not (good cousin) further then you should,  
 Left you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads.

*Bull.* I know it vncke, and oppose not my selfe,  
 Against their will. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*  
 Welcome Harry; what, will not this castle yeelde?

*H. Per.* The Castle royally is mand my Lord.

Against

*King Richard the second.*

Against thy entrance.

*Bull.* Royally, why it contains no King.

24 *H. Per.* Yes (my good Lord,)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies  
Within the limites of yon lime and stone,  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
28 Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a cleargie man  
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.

*North.* Oh belike it is the bishop of Carleil.

*Bull.* Noble Lords,

32 Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee  
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.  
*H. Bull.* on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,  
36 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
To his most royall person: hither come  
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:  
Provided, that my banishment repeald,  
40 And lands restored againe be freely granted;  
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,  
And lay the summers dust with showres of bloud;  
Rainde from the wounds of slaughtered English men,  
44 The which, how farre off from the minde of Bulling.  
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land:  
My stooping duety tenderly shall shew:  
48 Go signifie as much while here we march  
Vpon the grasseie carpet of this plaine;  
Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,  
That from this Castels tottered batlements  
52 Our faire appointments may be well peruse.  
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete  
With no lesse terrour than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundring shocke  
56 At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.  
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water;  
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.

My

24 +

+

+

28

+

32

+

} 35, 36. +

+

40

44

48

52 +

56 +

+

*The Tragedie of*

My water's on the earth, and not on him  
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

*The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.*

*Bull.* See see King Richard doth himselfe appeare,  
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,  
From out the fierie portall of the East,  
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent  
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke  
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

*York.* Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,  
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth  
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,  
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

*King.* We are amazde, and thus long haue we stooode,  
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King;  
And if wee be, howe dare thy ioynts forget  
To pay their awfull duety to our presence?  
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God  
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship,  
For well we know no hand of bloud and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,  
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe.  
And though you thinke that all as you haue done  
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends:  
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,  
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike  
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,  
That lift your vassaille hands against my head,  
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.  
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,  
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding warre:

But

Sc. XI.

*King Richard the Second.*

III, iii.

But ere the crowne he lookes for, live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloudy crownes of mothers sonnes,  
 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,  
 To scarlet indignation and bedew  
 Her pastors grasse with faithfull English blood.

*North.* The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king  
 Should so with tinnill and vnciuill armes,  
 be rust vpon, Thy thrise noble Cosen,  
 Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,  
 And by the honorable tombe he sweares  
 That stands vpon your roiall grandsires bones,  
 And by the roialties of both your blouds,  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt  
 And by the worth and honor of him selfe,  
 Comprising all that may be sworne or said,  
 His comming hither hath no further scope,  
 Then for his lineall roialties, and to beg  
 Infranchisement immediate on his knees,  
 Which on thy roiall partie granted once,  
 His glittering armes he will commend to rust,  
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his hart  
 To faithfull seruice of your Maiesty.  
 This sweares he, as he is prince like iust,  
 And as I am a gentleman I credit him.

*King* Northumberland, say thus, the King returnes,  
 His noble Cosen is right welcome hither,  
 And all the number of his faire demaunds,  
 Shall be accomplit without contradiction,  
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
 Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.

*King* We do debase our selues, Cosen do we not.  
 To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?  
 Shall we call backe Northumberland and send  
 Defiance to the traitor and so die?

*Aun.* No good my Lo: lets fight with gentle words,

G

Till

*The Tragedie of*

132

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords.

†

*King* Oh God oh God that ere this tong of mine

132

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

†

On yon prowde man should take it off againe

136

With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great

136

As is my griefe, or lesser than my name!

Or that I could forget what I haue beene!

Or not remember what I must be now!

140

Swellst thou (prowd heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,

140

Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke

†

*King* What must the King do now? must he submit?

144

The King shall do it: must he be deposde?

144

The king shall be contented: must he loose

†

The name of King? a Gods name let it goe

Ile giue my iewels for a set of Beades:

148

My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage:

My gay apparel for an almesmans gownes:

148

My figured goblets for a dish of wood:

My scepter for a Palmers walking staffe:

152

My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,

And my large kingdome for a little graue,

152

A little little graue, an obscure graue,

Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way.

156

Some way of common trade, where subiects feete

May hourelly trample on their soueraignes head;

156

For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:

And buried once, why not vpon my head?

160

*Aumerle* thou weepst (my tender-hearted coosin)

160

Weele make fowle weather with despised teares;

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corne,

And make a dearth in this reuolting lands:

164

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some prety match with sheading teares,

164

As thus to drop them still vpon one place,

Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues

168

Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

168

Two kinsmen digd their graues with weeping eies:  
Would not this ill do well? well well I see,  
I talke but idly, and you laugh at me.

172

Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,  
What saies king Bullingbroke, will his maiestie  
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,  
You make a leg and Bullingbroke saies I.

176

*North.* My Lord, in the bafe court he doth attend,  
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

180

*King.* Downe, downe I come, like gliftring Phaeton:  
Wanting the manage of unrulie Iades.  
In the bafe court, bafe court where Kinges growe bafe,  
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,  
In the bafe court come downe: downe court, downe King  
For nightowles shreeke where mounting larkes should sing.

184

*Bull.* What saies his maiestie?

*North.* Sorrowe and greife of hart,  
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,  
Yet he is come.

188

*Bull.* Stand all apart,  
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.*  
My gracious Lord.

192

*King.* faire coosen, you debase your princely knee,  
To make the bafe earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,  
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:  
Vp coosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.

196

*Bull.* My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

*King.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

*Bull.* So farre be mine my most redoubted Lord,  
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

200

*King.* Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,  
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.  
Coosen I am to yong to be your Father,



III, iii

*The Tragedie of*

Sc. XI

Though you are old enough to be my heire,  
 What you will haue, he giue, and willing to,  
 For doe we must what force will haue vs doe:  
 Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?

204

208

209

+

&gt;

*But.* Yea my good Lords  
*King.* Then I must not say no.

208

III, iv.

+

*Enter the Queene with her attendants*

Sc. XII.

*Quee.* What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,  
 To drive away the heauy thought of care?

*Lady.* Madame weele play at bowties.

4

*Quee.* Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,  
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

4

*Lady.* Madame weele daunce.

+8

*Quee.* My legs can keepe no measure in delight,  
 When my poore hart no measure keepe in griefes  
 Therefore no dauncing girls, some other sport,

8

*Lady.* Madame weele tell tales.

*Quee.* Of sorrow or of griefe.

*Lady.* Of either Madame.

12

*Quee.* Of neither girls.

12

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,  
 It doth remember me the more of sorrows  
 Or if of griefe, being altogether had,

16

It adds more sorrow to my want of ioy:

16

For what I haue I need not to repeate,

And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

*Lady.* Madame he sing.

20

*Quee.* Tis well that thou hast cause,

But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weepe.

20

+

*Lady.* I could weepe: Madame would it doe you good?

*Quee.* And I could sing would weeping doe me good,  
 And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

+

*Enter Gardeners.*

+ 24

But stay, here come the gardeners.

24

Lets step into the shadow of these trees,

+

My wretchednes vnto a row of pines,

They

*King Richard the second.*

28 They will talke of state for euery one doth so,  
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou vp yong dangling Aphricokes,  
Which like vnruely children make their fire,  
Stoope with oppresion of their prodigall weight.  
32 Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,  
Go thou, and like an executioner

Cut off the heads of two fast growing spraires,  
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth,  
36 All must be cuen in our gouernement.

You thus employed, I will goe roote away  
The noysome weedes which without profit sucke  
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.

40 Man. Why should we in the compas of a pale,  
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,  
Shewing as in a modle our firme estate,  
When our sea-walled garden the whole land  
44 Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp.  
Her fruittrees all vnprunde her hedges ruinde,  
Her knots disordered, and her holtsome hearbs  
Swarming with caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,  
48 He that hath suffered this disordered spring,  
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of lease:  
The weedes which his broad spreading leaues did shelter,  
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp.  
52 Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,  
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene,

Man. What are they dead?  
Gard. They are.

56 And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull king,  
Oh what pitie is it that he had not so trimde,  
And drest his land as we this garden at time of yeare  
Do wound the barks the skinne of our fruit trees,  
Lest being ouerprowd in sap and bloud,  
60 With too much riches it confound it selfe  
Had he done so to great and growing men,

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*The Tragedie of*

They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste  
 Their fruits of duety : superfluous branches  
 We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:  
 Had he done so, himselfe had borne the crowne.  
 Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

*Man.* What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?

*Gard.* Deprest he is already, and deposde  
 Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night  
 To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorkes,  
 That tell blacketidings.

*Queene* Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking  
 Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,  
 How dares thy harsh rude tong sound this vnpleasing newe?  
 What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee  
 To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?  
 Darst thou thou little better thing than earth  
 Diuine his downefall? say, where, when, and how,  
 Canst thou by this ill tidings speake thou wretch?

*Gard.* Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I  
 To breathe this newes, yet what I say is true:  
 King Richard he is in the mightie hold  
 Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde  
 In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,  
 And some few vanities that make him light:  
 But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,  
 Besides himselfe are all the English peeres,  
 And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe;  
 Post you to London and you will find it so,  
 I speake no more than euery one doth know.

*Queene* Nimble Mischance that arte so light of foote,  
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me.  
 And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest  
 To serue me last that I may longest keepe  
 Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladies go  
 To meete at London Londons king in wo:  
 What, was I borne to this that my sad looke

Should

Sc. xii

*King Richard the second.*

III. iv.

100

Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?

Gardner for telling me these newes of wo,

100+

Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit*

+

104

*Gard.* Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my Skill were subiect to thy curse:

104+

Here did she fall a teare, here in this place

He set a banke of Rew lowre hearb of grace,

107

Rew euen for ruth heere shortly shall be scene,

In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

107+

Sc. xiii

*Enter Bullingbrooke with the Lords to parliament.*

IV. i.

*Bull.* Call forth Bagot.*Enter Bagot.*

\*

Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,

What thou doest know of noble Gloucesters death,

+

Who wrought it with the King, and who per forme

The bloody office of his timeles end.

+

*Bagot* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.*Bull.* Cousin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

8

*Bagot* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong

Scornes to vnlay what once it hath deliuered.

8

In that dead time when Gloucesters death was plotted

+

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,

12

That reacheth from the restful English court,

12

As farre as Callice to mine vncles head?

+

Amongst much other talke that very time

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

16

The offer of an hundred thousand crownes,

16

Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,

How blest this land would be in this your cosins death.

*Aum.* Princes and noble Lords,

20

What answer shall I make to this base man?

20

Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres

On equall termes to giue them chasticement?

+

Either I must, or haue mine honour soild

24

With the attainder of his slaunderous lippes.

24

There is my gage, the manual seale of death,

That

The Tragedie of

That makes thee out for hell, I say thou liest,  
And wilt maintaine what thou hast said is false  
In thy heart bloud, though being all too base  
To staine the temper of my knightly sword.

Bol. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Ann. Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence that hath moude me so.

Fliz. If that thy valure stand on simpatie,  
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;  
By that faire Sunne which shews me where thou standst,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucesters death:  
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest  
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged with my rapiers point.

Ann. Thou darst not (coward) liue to see that day.

Fliz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Ann. Fitzwater, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Tor. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true  
In this appeale as thou art all vnjust.

And that thou art so, there I throwe my gage,  
To proue it on thee to the extreamest point  
Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darst.

Ann. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele  
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworne Aumerle)

And spurra thee on with full as many lies  
As it may be hollowed in thy treacherous eare  
From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne  
In gage to the trial if thou darst.

Ann. Whosoers me elset by heauen Ile throwe at all,  
I haue a thousand spirites in one breast.  
A hundred thousand such as you.

Fliz. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
This very thing (Aumerle) and you did talke.

Fliz. 'Tis very true you were in presence then.

And

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*King Richard the second.*

And you can witnes with me this is true.

64 *Sur.* As false, by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

*Fitz.* Surrie thou liest.

(sword,

*Sur.* Dishonorable boy, that lie shall lie so heauie on my

That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,

68 Till thou the lie-giner, and that lie do lie.

In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.

In prooffe whereof there is my honours pawne,

Ingage it to the triall if thou darst.

72 *Fitz.* How fondly doest thou spur a forward horse?

If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,

I dare meet Surry in a wildernes,

And spit vpon him whilst I say, he lies,

76 And lies, and lies: there is bond of faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction:

As I intende to thrue in this new world,

Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.

80 Besides I heard the banished Norffolke say,

That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,

To execute the noble Duke at Callice.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,

84 That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,

If he may be repeald to trie his honour.

*Bull.* These differences shall all rest vnder gage

Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shall be,

88 And though mine enimie, restord againe

To all his landes and signiories: when he is returnd.

Against Aumerle we will inforce his triall.

92 *Carl.* That honourable day shall neuer be seene,

Manie a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,

For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian feild,

Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,

96 Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,

And toild with workes of warre, retir'd him selfe

To Italie, and there at Venice gaue

His bodie to that pleasant Countries earth.

And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ.

100 Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.

¶

*Bull.*

64

65, 66

68

+

72

76+

80

84

88

+

+

92

96

100

*The Tragedie of*

*Ball.* Why B. is Norffolke dead:

*Carl.* As surely as I live my Lord.

*Ball.* Sweet peace conduct his sweete soule to the bosome,  
Of good olde Abrahams Lords Appellants.  
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,  
Till we asigne you to your daies of triall. *Enter Yorke*

*Yorke* Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,  
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,  
Adopts the heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,  
To the possession of thy royall hands  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,  
And long live Henry fourth of that name.

*Ball.* In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne,

*Car.* Mary God forbid.

Worst in this royall presence may I speake.  
Yet best besecming me to speake the truth,  
Would God that any in this noble presence,  
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge  
Of noble Richard. Then true noblesse would  
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,  
What subiect can giue sentence on his King:  
And who sits here that is not Richards subiect?  
Theeves are not iudgd but they are by to heare,  
Although apparant guilt be seene in them,  
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,  
His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect  
Anointed, crowned, planted, many yeares  
Be iudgd by subiect and inferiour breath,  
And he himsele not present? Oh forfend it God,  
That in a Christian climate soules refine,  
Should shew so heinous blacke obseene a deed  
I speake to subiects and a subiect speakes,  
Stir'd vp by God thus boldly for his King,  
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,  
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,  
And if you crowne him let me prophesie,  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And suture ages groane for this foule act,

Peace

Se.iii

*King Richard the second.*

IVI

140

Peace shall go sleepe with mrkes and infidels,  
And in this seate of peace, tumultuous warres,  
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kind confound:

140

144

Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,  
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald,  
The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs,  
Oh if you raise this house against this house,  
It will the wofullest diuision proue,  
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth:

144

148

Preuent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest child, childs children, crie against you wo.  
*North.* Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines,  
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you heere:

148+

152

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,  
To keepe him safely till his day of triall,

152

153

*Bull.* Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,  
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,  
Lords be ready all.

319+

319 320+

156

*Exeunt.**Manent West. Cailell, Aumerle.*

\*

*Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,  
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

+

160

*Ann.* You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,  
To ridde the realme of this pernicious blot?

324

*Abbot.* My Lo. before I freely speake my mind heerein,  
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,  
To burie mine intents, but also to effect,  
What euer I shall happen to deuise:

326.327+

328

164

I see your browes are full of discontent,  
Your harts of sorrow, and your eies of teares:  
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,  
Shall shew vs all a merrie daie.

332+

168

169

*Exeunt.*

334

Se.xiv

*Enter the Queene with her attendants.*

+VI.

*Quee.* This way the King will come, this is the way,  
To Iulius Cæsars ill erected Tower,  
To wofle flint bosome, my condemned Lord,  
Is doomede a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke.

+

H2

Heere



*The Tragedie of*

Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth,  
 Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. (*Enter Ric.*)

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,  
 My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,  
 That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,  
 And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.

Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!  
 Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,  
 And not King Richards thou most beauteous Inne,  
 Why should hard fauour'd greife be lodged in thee,  
 When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*Ric.* Ioyne not with greife faire woman, doe not so,  
 To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,  
 To thinke our former state a happie dreame,  
 From which awakt the trueth of what we are  
 Shewes vs but this; I am sworne brother (sweet)  
 To grim necessitie, and he and I,  
 Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to Fraunce,  
 And cloister thee in some religious house,  
 Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,  
 VWhich our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

*Quee.* what is my Richard both in shape and minde  
 Transformd and weakned? hath Bullingbrooke,  
 Deposde thine intellect? hath he been in thy hart?  
 The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,  
 And woundes the earth if nothing else with rage,  
 To be ore-powr'd, and wilt thou pupill-like  
 Take the correction, mildly kisse the rod,  
 And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,  
 VWhich art a Lion and the king of beasts.

*King.* a King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,  
 I had been still a happie King of men.  
 Good (sometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France  
 Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou takest  
 As from my death bed thy last liuing leane;  
 In winters tedious nights sit by the fire,  
 with good old folkes, and let them tell the tales  
 Of woefull ages long agoe betidde:

*And*

*King Richard the second.*

And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefes,  
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds:  
 For why, the senslesse brands will sympathize  
 The heauy accent of thy moouing tong,  
 And in compafsion weepe the fire out,  
 And some wil mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,  
 For the depofing of a rightfull King. *Enter Northum.*  
*North.* My Lord, the minde of Bullingbrooke is changde,  
 You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.  
 And Madam, there is order take for you,  
 With al swift speede you must away to France.  
*King* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall  
 The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,  
 The time shall not be many houres of age  
 More than it is, ere foule sinne gathering head  
 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,  
 Though he diuide the realme and giue thee halfe,  
 It is too little helping him to all.  
 He shall thinke that thou which knowest the way  
 To plant vnrighfull kings, wilt know againe,  
 Being nere so little vrgde another way,  
 To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne:  
 The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,  
 That feare to hate; and hate turnes one or both  
 To worthy daunger and deserued death.  
*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an ends  
 Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.  
*King* Doubly diuorst (bad men) you violate  
 A two-fold marriage twixt my crowne and me,  
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
 Let me vnkisse the oathe twixt thee and me:  
 And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.  
 Part ys Northumberland, I towardest the north,  
 Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the climes  
 My wife to Fraunce, from whence set forth in pomp  
 She came adorned hither like sweete Maie,

*The Tragedie of*

Sent backe like Hollowmaies or shortst of day.

*Queene* And must we be diuided? must we part?

*King* I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

*Queene* Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

*King* That were some loue, but little pollicie.

*Queene* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*King* So two together weeping make one woe.

Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,

Better far off than neere be nere the neare,

Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

*Queene* So longet way shall haue the longest moanes.

*King* T'wise for one step Ile grone the way being short

And peere the way out with a heauy heart.

Come come in wooing sorrow lets be briefe.

Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe;

One kisse shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part.

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

*Queene* Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part

To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

*King* We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once more adue, the rest let sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheffe.*

*Du.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you breake the storie of

Of our two coulsins comming into London.

*Yorke* Where did I leaue?

*Du.* At that sad stop my Lord,

Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richards head.

*Yorke* Then (as I said) the Duke great Bullingbrooke

Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,

Which his aspiring rider seemd to know,

With slow, but stately pace kept on his course.

Whilst all tongues cried, God saue the Bullingbrooke,

You would haue thought the very windows spake:

So many greedy lookes of yong and old Through

*King Richard the second.*

Through casements darted their desiring eies  
 Vpon his visage, and that all the wailles  
 16 With painted imagery had said at once,  
 Iesu preferue the welcome Bullingbrooke,  
 Whilst he from the one side to the other turning  
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steedes necke  
 20 Bespake them thus; I thanke you countrymen:  
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Du.* Alac poore Richard, where rode he the whilst  
*Yorke* As in a Theater the eies of men,

24 After a well-graced Actor leaues the stage,  
 Are ydly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
 Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eies  
 28 Did scowle on gentle Ric. no man cried, God saue him,  
 No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,  
 But dust was throwen vpon his sacred head:  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,  
 32 His face still combating with teares and smiles,  
 The badges of his griefe and patience,  
 That had not God for some strong purpose steeld  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,  
 36 And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:  
 But heauen hath a hand in these euent,  
 To whose high will we bound our calme contents.  
 To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,  
 40 Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

*Du.* Here comes my sonne Aumerle.

*Yorke* Aumerle that was,  
 But that is lost for being Richards friend:  
 And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:  
 44 I am in parlement pledge for his truth  
 And lasting fealtie to the new made king.

*Du.* Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now  
 That strew the greene lap of the new come spring.

48 *Au.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.  
 God knowes I had as leife be none as one.

*Yorke*

*The Tragedie of*

*Yorke* Well, beare you wel in this new spring of time,  
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

† 52 *What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?*

*Ann.* For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

*Yorke* you will be there I know.

*Ann.* If God present not, I purpose so.

56 *Yorke* What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?  
yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing,

*Ann.* My Lord, tis nothing.

† *Yorke* No matter then who see it,  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

60 *Ann.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me;  
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

*Yorke* Which for some reasons fir I meane to see.  
I feare I feare.

64 *Du.* What should you feare?

† *Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into*  
† *For gay apparell gainst the triumph day.*

*Yorke* Bound to himselfe; what doth he with a bond?  
68 That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole:  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Ann.* I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

*Yorke* I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

† *He pluckes it out of his bosome and reads it:*

72 *Yorke* Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, slaue,

† *Du.* What is the matter my lord?

† *Yorke* Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,  
† *God for his mercy! what treachery is here?*

† 76 *Du.* Why what is it my Lord?

† *Yorke* Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,  
Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth  
I will appeach the villaine.

*Du.* What is the matter?

80 *Yorke* Peace foolish woman:

† *Du.* I wil not peace, what is the matter Aumerles?

*An.* Good mother be content, it is no more

Then

Sc. xv

*King Richard the second.*

v.ii

Then my poore life must answere.

*Du.* Thy life answere?

84

*Yor.* Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

*His man enters with his bootes.*

84

†

*Du.* Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,  
Hence vilaine neuer more come in my fight.

*Yor.* Giue me my bootes I say.

88

*Du.* Why Yorke what wilt thou doe?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?

88

Haue we more sonne? or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

92

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?

92

And rob me of a happie mothers name.

Is he not like the? is he not thine owne?

†

96

*Yor.* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

96

A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament.

And interchaungeably set downe there hands,

†

To kill the king at Oxford.

99

100

*Du.* He shal be none, weele keepe him heere,

Then what is that to him?

100

*Yor.* Away fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,

I would appeach him.

102

*Du.* Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,

102

Thou wouldst bee more pittifull.

103

104

But nowe I knowe rhy minde, thou doest suspect

104 +

That I haue been disloiall to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband, be not of that mind,

108

He is as like thee as any man may be,

108 +

Not like to me, or a of my kinne,

†

And yet I loue him.

*Yor.* Make way vrillie woman.

*Exit.*

112

*Du.* After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,

112

Spur, post, and get before him to the King,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,

He not be long behind, though I be old,

V.ii

+ 116

+ 117

+ V.iii

+

+ 4

8

+

11, 12

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16

+ 20

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+ 24, 25

+ 28

32

*The Tragedie of*

I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,  
 An neuer will I rise vp from the ground,  
 Till Bullingbroke haue pardoned thee: away, be gone.

*Enter the King with his nobles.*

*King H.* Can no man tell me of my vnthristie sonnet  
 Tis full three moneths since I did see him last,  
 If any plague hang ouer vs tis he:  
 I would to God my Lordes he might be founde  
 Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,  
 For there (they say) he daylie doth frequent,  
 With vnrestrained loose companions,  
 Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,  
 And beate our watch, and rob our passengers,  
 Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,  
 Takes on the point of honour to support so dissolute a crew.

*H. Perce.* My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the printe,  
 And wou'd him of those triumphes helde at Oxford,

*King.* And what said the gallant?

*Per.* His answer was, he would vnto the stews,  
 And from the commonst creature plucke a gloue,  
 And weare it as a fauour, and with that,  
 He would vnhoise the lustiest Challenger.

*King H.* As dissolute as desperat, yet through both,  
 I see some sparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,  
 May happily bring foorth. But who comes heere?

*Enter Aumerle amazed.*

*Aum.* Where is the King? (so wildly.

*King H.* What meanes our cosen, that he stares and lookes

*Aum.* God saue your grace, I doe beseech your Maiestie,  
 To haue some conference with your grace alone.

*King.* Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone.  
 What is the matter with our cosen nowe?

*Aum.* For euer may my knees growe to the earth,  
 My tongue, cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,  
 Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

*King.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
 If on the first, how hey nous ere it be

Sc. xv.

116

117

Sc. xvi.

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16

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24

28

32

To

Sc. xvi

*King Richard the second.*

V.iii.

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then giue me leaue that May turne the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

36 *King.* Haue thy desire.

*The Duke of Yorke knokes at the doore and crieth.*

*Tor.* My leige beware, looke to thy selfe,  
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

*King.* Vilain Ile make thee safe. (feare

40 *Aum.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to

*Tor.* Open the dore, secure foole, hardie King,

Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face,

Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

44 *King.* What is the matter vncle, speake, recouer breath,

Tell vs, how neare is daunger,

That wee may arme vs to encounter it?

*Tor.* Peruse this writng heere, and thou shalt know,

48 The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

*Aum.* remember as thou readst, thy promise past,

I dorepent me, reade not my name there.

My hart is not confederate with my hand.

52 *Tor.* It was (vikaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.

I tore it from the traitors bolome (*King.*)

Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:

Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue,

56 A Serpent that will sting thee to the hart.

*King.* O heynous, strong, and bould conspiracy;

O loyall Father, of a treacherous Sonne,

Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

60 From whence this streame, through muddy passages,

Hath held his current, and defild himselfe.

Thy overflow of good, conuerts to bad:

And thy abundant goodnes, shall excuse,

64 This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

*Tor.* So shall my vertue, be his vices baude,

An he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,

As thrittles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold;

68 Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies.

I 2

Or

36+

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68+



*The Tragedie*

Or my shame life in his dishonour lies.  
Thou killst me in his life giuing him breath,  
The traitor liues; the true man's put to death.

*Du.* What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.

*King H.* What shrill voice suppliant makes this eger crie?

*Du.* A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,  
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,  
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.

*King.* Our scene is altered from a serious thing,  
And now changde to the Beggar and the King.  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,  
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.

*Yorke.* If thou do pardon whosoener pray,  
More sinnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:  
This festred ioynt cut off the rest rest found,  
This let alone wil all the rest confound.

*Du.* Oh king beleeue not this hard-hearted man,  
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

*Yorke.* If thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?  
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?

*Du.* Sweete Yorke be patient, heate me gentle Liege.

*King H.* Rise vp good aunt,

*Du.* Not yet I thee beseech,

For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,  
And neuer see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy.

By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.

*Aunt.* Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

*Yorke.* Against them both my true ioynts bended be,  
Ill maist thou thrive if thou graunt any grace.

*Du.* Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face.

His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,  
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside,

His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,

Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow,

His

SC.XVII.

*King Richard the second.*

V.iii.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,  
 Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,  
 Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue  
 That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

*yorke* Good aunt stand vp.

*Du.* Nay, do not say, stand vp;  
 Say Pardon first and afterwards, stand vp,  
 And if I were thy nurse thy tong to teach,  
 Pardon should be the first word of thy speach  
 I neuer longd to heare a word till now.

Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweete.  
 No word like pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

*yorke* Speake it in French. King say, Pardonne moy.

*Du.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?  
 Ah my sower husband, my hard-hearted Lord!  
 That sets the word it selfe against the word:  
 Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,  
 The chopping French we do not vnderstand,  
 Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there:  
 Or in this piteous heart plant thou thine eare,  
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pitie may moue thee pardon to rehearse.

*King H.* Good aunt stand vp.

*Du.* I do not sue to stand.

Pardon is all the fute I haue in hand.

*King* I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

*Du.* Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee,  
 Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe.  
 Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

*King H.* I pardon him with al my heart.

*Du.* A god on earth thou art.

*King H.* But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot.  
 With all the rest of that comforted crew,  
 Destruction strait shal dog them at the heeles.  
 Good vncle, help to order severall powers,

viii

*The Tragedie of*

Sc.xvi.

To Oxford, or where ere these traitors are,  
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,  
But I will haue them if I once know where.

140

144

Vncle farewell, and cousin adue,  
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true:

144

+ 146

*Du.* Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

145

v.ii+

*Exeunt. Manet fir Pierce Exton, &c.*

Sc.xvii.

*Exton* Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?  
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?  
Was it not so?

+

*Man* These were his very words.

+

*Exton* Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice.  
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

4

+

*Man* He did.

+

8

*Exton* And speaking it, he wishtly lookt on me,  
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,  
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart;  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come lets go,  
I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe:

8

v.11

v.v+

11

*Enter Richard alone.*

Sc.xviii.

+

*Rich.* I haue beene studying how I may compare  
This prison where I liue, vnto the world:

4

And forbecause the world is populous,

+

And here is not a creature but my selfe,

4

+

I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,

My braine Ile prooue, the female to my soule,

My soule the father, and these two beget

8

A generation of still-breeding thoughts

And these same thoughts people this little world,

8

In humors like the people of this world:

For no thought is contented: the better sort,

12

As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt

12

+

With scruples, and do set the word it selfe

+ 14, 15

Against the word: as thus: Come little ones, & then againe

16

It is as hard to come, as for a Cammell

+

To threed the posterne of a small needles eie:

16

Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot,

Vn-

*The Tragedie of*Sc. xviii.

Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my hart,  
Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and groanes,  
Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,  
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrokes proud ioye,  
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke.  
This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,  
For though it haue holp mad men to their witts,  
In me it seemes it will make wise men mad:  
Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,  
For tis asigne of loue: and lone to Richard,  
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

*Enter a grooms of the stable.**Groom.* Haile roiall Prince.*Rich.* Thankes noble peare:

The cheapest of vs is ten grotes too deare,  
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man neuer comes, but that sad dog,  
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue.

*Groom.* I was a poore grooms of thy stable King,  
When thou wert King: who trauailling towards Yorke,  
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,  
To looke vpon my sometimes roiall maisters face:  
Oh how it ernd my hart when I beheld,  
In London streetes, that Corronation day,  
When Bullingbroke rode on Roane Barbarie,  
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,  
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

*Rich.* Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle freind,  
How went he vnder him?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

*Rich.* So proud that Bullingbroke was on his backe:  
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand,  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:  
Would he not stumble, would he not fall downe  
Since pride must haue a fall: and breake the necke,  
Of that prond man, that did vsurpe his backe?  
Forgiuenes horse why do I raike on thee?

Since

*King Richard the second.*

20 Unlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes  
 May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world my ragged prison wallers  
 And for they cannot die in their owne pride  
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,  
 24 That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,  
 Nor shall not be the last like scely beggars,  
 Who sitting in the stockes refuge their shame,  
 That many haue, and others must set there.  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 28 Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe  
 Of such as haue before indurde the like.  
 Thus play I in one person many people,  
 And none contented; sometimes am I King,  
 32 Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,  
 And so I am: then crushing penurie  
 Perswades me I was better when a king,  
 Then am I kingd againe, and by and by,  
 36 Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,  
 And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be easde,  
 40 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare. *the musike plaies*  
 Ha ha keepe time, how soone sweete Musicke is  
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept  
 So is it in the musike of mens liues:  
 44 And here haue I the daintinesse of eare  
 To checke time broke in a disordered string:  
 But for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,  
 48 I wasted times and now doth time waste me:  
 For now hath time made me his numbring clocke;  
 My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iame,  
 Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch  
 52 Whereeto my finger like a dialles poynt,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.  
 Now sir the found that telles what houre it is,

Are

SC. XVIII.

*King Richard the second.*

V.v.

Since thou created to be awed by man,  
Wast borne to beare ; I was not made a horse,  
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,  
Spurde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

92

+

+

*Enter one to Richard with meate.**Keeper* Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.*Rich.* If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

96

*Groome* What my tong dares not, that my heart shal say.

+

*Exit Groome.**Keeper* My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?*Rich.* Taste of it first as thou art wont to do.

+

*Keeper* My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,  
Who lately came from the King commaunds the contrary.

100

+

*Rich.* The diuell take Henry of Lancaster, and thee.  
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.*Keeper* Help, help, help.

104

*The murderers rush in.*

+

*Rich.* How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?  
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrumens  
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

+

*Here Exton strikes him downe.*

+

*Rich.* That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person : Exton, thy fierce hand  
Hath with the kings blood stained the kings owne land:  
Mount mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,  
Whilst my grosse flesh sinckes downward here to die,

108+

*Exton* As full of valure as of royall blood:  
Both haue I spilld. Oh would the deede were good!  
For now the diuell that told me I did well,  
Saies that this deede is chronioled in hell:  
This dead king to the liuing king he beare.  
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

112

116

118&lt;

&lt;

V.vi.+

+

*Enter Bullingbrooke with the duke of Yorke.**King* Kind vncle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
Is that the rebels haue consumed with fire

K

Our

SC. XIX.

*The Tragedie of*

Our towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,  
But whether they be tane or slaine we heare not.

*Enter Northumberland.*

Welcome my Lord, what is the newest

*North.* First to thy sacred state with I all happinesse,

The next newes is, I haue to London sent

The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent,

The maner of their taking may appeare

At large discoursed in this paper heere.

*King.* We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines;

And to thy woorth will adde right worthy gaines.

*Enter Lord Fitzwaters.*

*Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,

Two of the daungerous consorted traitors,

That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

*King.* Thy paines Fitz. shall not be forgot.

Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

*Enter H. Percie.*

*Percie.* The grand conspirator Abbot of Westminster

With clog of conscience and sowre melancholy

Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue.

But here is Carleil liuing, to abide

Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

*King.* Carleil, this is your doome;

Chouse out some secret place, some reuerent roome

More than thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:

So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife.

For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,

High sparkes of honour in thee haue I scene.

*Enter Exton with the coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this coffin I present

Thy buried feare: herein all breathlesse lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

*King.* Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought

A

*King Richard the second.*

36 A deed of slaunder with thy fatall hand,  
 Vpon my head and all this famous Land.  
 Exton. From your owne mouth my Lo. did I this deed.  
 King. They loue not poison that do poiton neede,  
 40 Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,  
 I hate the murtherer; loue him murdered;  
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,  
 But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour;  
 44 With Cayne go wander through shades of night,  
 And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.  
 Lordes, I protest my soule is full of wo.  
 That bloud should sprinckle me to make me grow:  
 Come mourne with me, for what I do lament,  
 48 And put on sulleyn blacke incontinent.  
 Ile make a voiage to the holly lande,  
 To wash this bloud off from my guiltie hand:  
 March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,  
 52 In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

+  
36+  
40+  
44+  
48+  
52

FINIS.





